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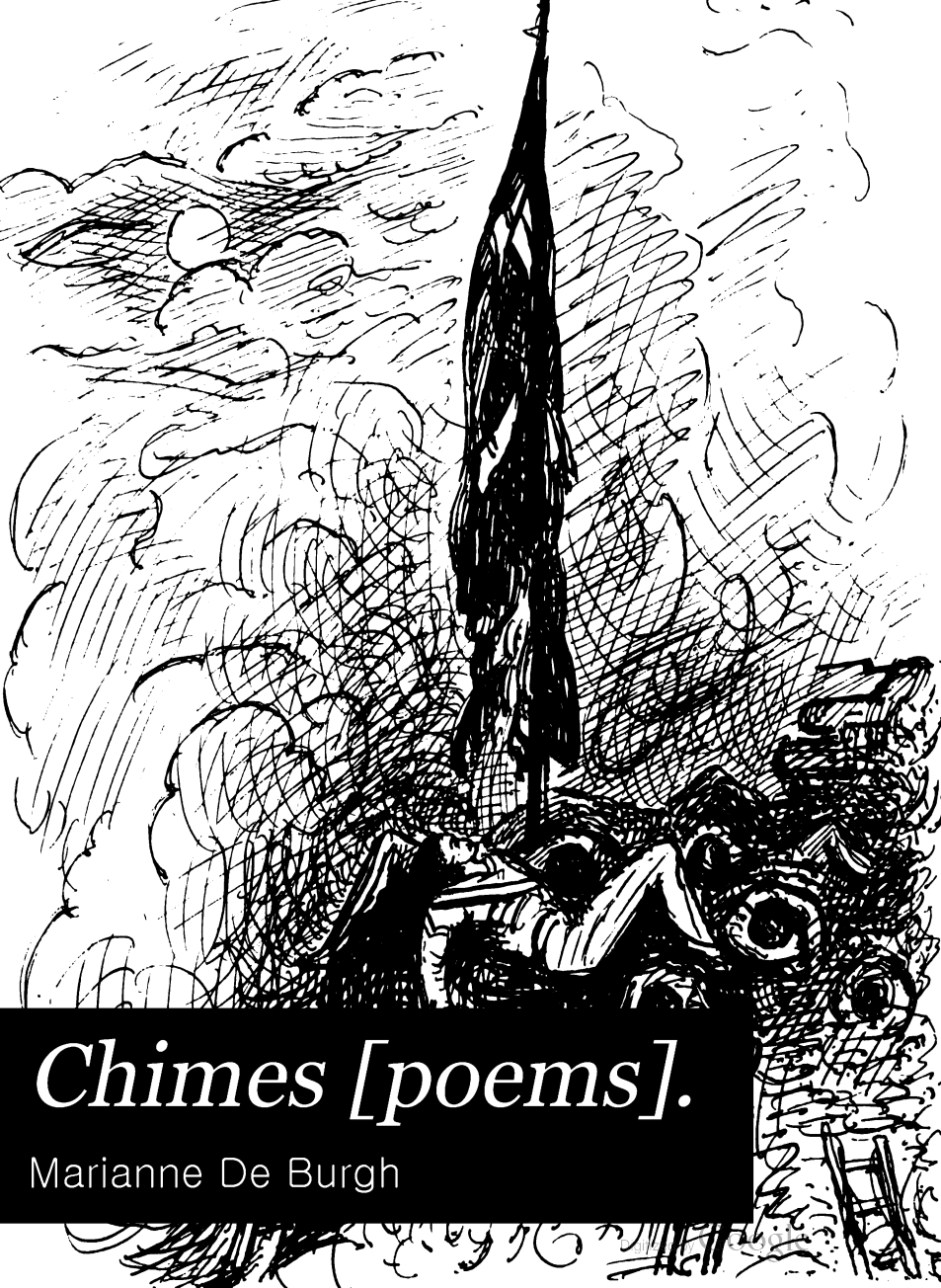
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Chimes [poems].

Marianne De Burgh

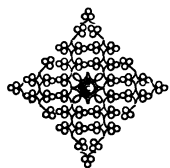


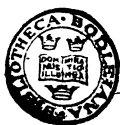
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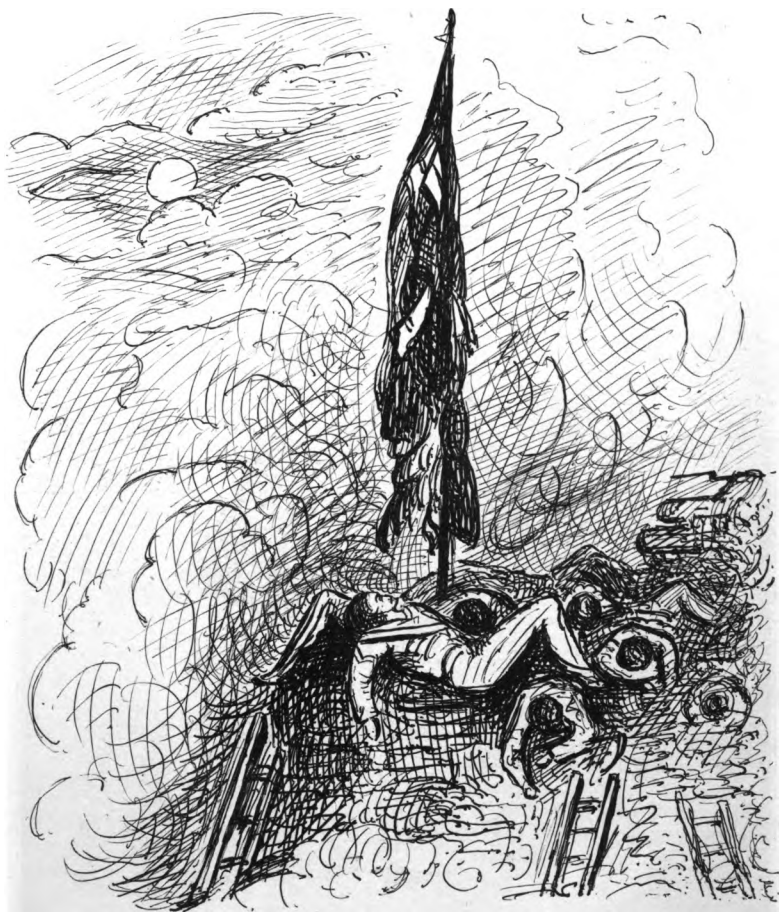
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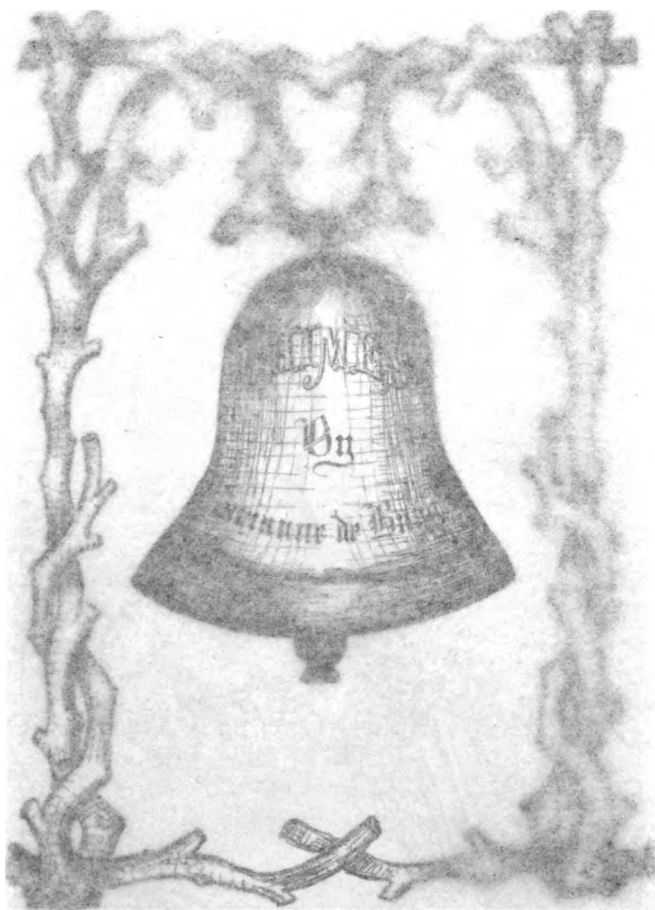
CHIMES.







G L O R Y !





CHIMES.

BY

MARIANNE DE BURGH.

LONDON:

1858.



LONDON:

Printed by SMITH, ELDER and Co., Little Green Arbour Court.

DEDICATION.

TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF CAMBRIDGE.

MADAM,

In obedience to your Royal Highness's gracious commands, I publish my poems, which I most respectfully dedicate to you ; and avail myself of this opportunity of gratefully acknowledging my deep obligation to your Royal Highness for permitting them to be graced with your name.

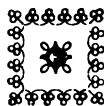
I have the honour to subscribe myself, Madam,
with the highest respect,

Your Royal Highness's

Most grateful humble servant,

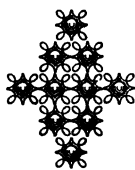
MARIANNE DE BURGH.

61, ECCLESTON SQUARE,
Feb. 25th 1858.



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CHIMES.

The Lily of May Fair.

BORN in a rank of high degree,
Of noble honoured ancestry,
Unspotted her heraldic tree,
 To princely fortunes heir ;
A lovely girl burst on our sight,
With glowing cheeks, and spirits light,
A day dream was that Hebe bright—
 The Lily of May Fair.

B

With melting eyes of lustrous hue,
Like liquid orbs of sapphire blue,
Telling of feelings deep and true ;
 With silky golden hair ;
Blooming in early womanhood,
With gentle bearing, calm and good,
Unconscious of her beauty stood
 The Lily of May Fair.

In rural scenes her childhood past,
Those happy days which fled so fast ;
She leaves that peaceful home at last
 For London's giddy glare ;
A brilliant season she must see,
Sharing its gay festivity,
And of that throng the brightest be,
 The Lily of May Fair.

She felt at first abashed and shy
At such unsought celebrity ;
For, 'mongst that large assembly,
None could with her compare ;
But, though admired by all who gazed,
No jealousy her beauty raised,
For those who saw her, loved and praised
The Lily of May Fair.

* * * *

That string of carriages proclaims
A brilliant drawing-room at St. James,
Where crowds of feathered maids and dames
In ceaseless throngs repair ;
One shrinking form amidst that press,
A vision seems of loveliness,
Supreme in beauty all confess
The Lily of May Fair.

Now many might be there, I ween,
Who thought but little of the Queen,
But went to see, and to be seen,
 Decked in their jewels rare ;
But not thus with our gentle one,
Though bright her matchless beauty shone,
One loyal thought engrossed alone
 The Lily of May Fair.

And rich indeed that Queen would be,
With many subjects such as she,
Who lowly sank on bended knee,
 The royal smile to share ;
Amidst the blaze of jewels' sheen,
She nothing saw except her Queen,
And happy at that sight had been
 The Lily of May Fair.

Returning, flushed with pleasure still,
The cold wind caused a fatal chill,
And morning dawned and found her ill !

 Though nursed with anxious care,
Her fever gathered strength each day,
No medicine could its progress stay,
And soon in hopeless danger lay
 The Lily of May Fair.

She knew the truth and felt no dread,
But calmly bowed her gentle head,
And soon upon that damask bed

 A form lay lifeless there ;
She came—and sudden passed away,
A sunbeam's bright and fleeting ray—
A flower that bloomed but for a day—
 The Lily of May Fair.

The Rose-trees.

It was a bright autumnal morn
When on a verdant mossy lawn
 A merry party stood ;
The outward scene was gay and fair,
And all were in high spirits there—
 In health and happy mood.

The owner of this fair domain,
A lady of an honoured name,
 Which worthily she bore,
With kindly grace received her friends,
And everywhere her presence lends
 A sunny charm the more.

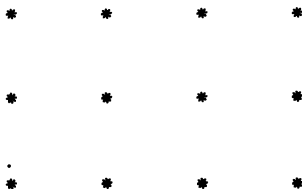
As still the garden tints were gay,
She wished that warm autumnal day
 Upon the lawns to spend ;
And would have rose-trees planted there,
Each one a well known name should bear
 To represent a friend.

This company was therefore called
To see their rose-trees well installed,
 And willingly they came ;
For each there was a standard rose,
And each the floral emblem chose,
 Thenceforth to bear his name.

And much amusement did it give,
To choose that representative
 Midst laughing doubt and fear ;
Nor flowers nor leaves the trees possessed,
Their future glories must be guessed
 Until another year.

And merry was the rivalry
To gain the largest, strongest tree,
Which promised the most bloom ;
For if the emblem were to die,
Evil would be that augury,
And terrible the doom.

Now all the trees are named at last,
And evening shades enclosing fast,
The guests then left the lawn ;
So bright with health and happiness,
That those dead plants but ill express
The names they should adorn.



A few years pass'd, and then again
I visited that bright domain

On a fine summer day.

The trees had thriven in that time,
And now were blooming in full prime,
Luxuriantly gay.

They had been fostered with such care
That none had perished, all stand there

Shedding their sweets around.

With wasteful prodigality,
Showers of scented rose-leaves lie
Perfuming e'en the ground.

And still the names are on the trees,
Fluttering gaily in the breeze

Midst flowers exuberant.

If brilliant thus the omens be,
What must have been the destiny
Of those they represent?

I read the names, and some there were
Whose rose-trees might be bright and fair
 With hope's rich perfume sweet ;
But e'en their spring had had its showers,
More thorns should grow amid the flowers
 To make the emblems meet.

O'er some named here, the withering blast
Of misery had roughly passed,
 And bowed them to the earth ;
Yonder dark and blighted tree
A fitter type for them would be—
 The symbol, thou, of mirth.

And one, whose rose-tree looks so gay,
Is palely blooming far away
 From this her English home ;
But cruel flowers, ye show no grief,
No tear-drop trembles on your leaf,
 Which blushes—as in welcome.

And one is here, whose fate looked bright,
But eyes, then clear and full of light,
 Now veils of darkness bind ;
Nor form, nor colour, can he see :
And painful is the imagery
 Of roses for the blind.

And some are absent, some estranged,
By time and circumstances changed ;
 And some sleep in the tomb ;
While gaudy, cruel, emblems,
Their names still hanging on your stems,
 Ye mock them with your bloom.

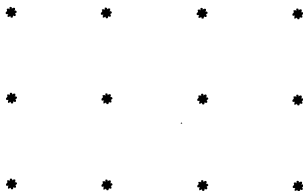
Bright flowers, with your scented breath,
What have ye to do with death,
 While blooming in your pride ?
Do roses deck the funeral pall ?
False prophets ! faithless augurs all !
 Ye should have drooped and died.

The passing breeze that sighs away,
The moth that flutters for a day,
 Best tell the tale of man ;
And if gay rainbow tints appear,
Dark storms and mists are ever near
 To cloud that little span.

But rose-trees never can express
Of man's brief joys the fickleness—
 E'en when bright hope is strong ;
'Tis vapour, dew, a passing bell—
Nothing is so ephemeral—
 A rose-tree lasts too long.

For though frost blights these blossoms gay,
And flowers and leaves must fade away,
 Entombed by winter's chain ;
Yet spring will burst the icy band,
Then summer, buds and flowers expand,
 And bring forth bloom again.

But death is sunless, hopeless gloom ;
Pale mourners watch not by that tomb,
Nor useless vigils keep :
For in the grave there is no spring—
No change revolving seasons bring
To that unwaking sleep.



As sometimes in the blackest night,
There sudden beams a star of light
Which sheds a brightening ray ;
So in the gloom of deepest woe,
Some inward spark of faith may glow,
And chase despair away.

Though loved ones, withered like the grass,
And now laid low, must sleeping pass
The winter of the tomb ;
Transplanted to a heavenly clime,
Celestial flowers, they will shine
In everlasting bloom.



One we all Love.

AMONG the countless orbs of night,
There shines one star with lustrous light,
And while the myriads faintly gleam,
This sheds a clear and radiant beam
That throws its bright effulgence far,
Obscuring every lesser star ;
And raising all our thoughts above,
Speaks of a world of light and love.
So, in that snowy mountain range,
Midst forms fantastically strange,

One noble peak disdains all bond,
Rearing its summit far beyond ;
And high enthroned, that crown of snow,
O'ershadows all the range below ;
And faithful to its mission given,
It points eternally to Heaven.

Thus, too, amidst our fallen race,
Where sin and suffering deface
The image once implanted there—
E'en to this world of grief and care,
A Being who seems of purer birth,
Unsullied by the stain of earth,
Is sometimes sent in mercy here
With office to console and cheer—
A star of better, brighter light,
To raise and clear our worldly sight ;
A beam of holy radiance given,
That sceptics may believe in Heaven ;

A wreath of spotless mountain snow,
Untainted by the world below ;
One, whose pure charity and love
Point, as the lofty peaks, above.

And one there is, whose much-loved name
Unknown indeed to public fame,
Finds in a thousand hearts its shrine,
Needing no registry of mine ;
A record of her life will tell
What is that name, we love so well.

Who know her best must prize her most ;
Of home she is the joy and boast,
Her presence chases gloom and care,
And sheds a constant sunshine there ;
Rendering happiness more bright,
And cheering even sorrow's night.

C

But, while of Home the guiding-star,
She spreads her gladdening rays afar,
And with her sunny smile imparts
Responsive light to many hearts.

In the clear mirror of her face,
The impress of her soul we trace;
T 'is not alone that brow is fair,
But that it shows reflected there,
Unmarred by blot, or taint of sin,
The purity that dwells within ;
The holy nature, calm and still,
The mind that cannot harbour ill.

When feast or festival is made,
How all require her willing aid ;
Her presence ever seems to bless,
By sanctifying happiness ;

How well her smile becomes the scene !
The flowers grow bright, the leaves more green,
And she, the brightest and most fair,
Creates the joy she came to share.

When suffering or grief befall,
She quickly answers to that call;
And such a loving interest shows,
As calms and soothes the sufferer's woes;
Her heart responds in sympathy,
Her words a healing balm supply,
And, while she speaks, the darkened room
Seems to have lost its former gloom !

Happy the little orphan school,
That's governed by her gentle rule;
With her, all anger is unknown,
Her brow could never wear a frown,

And many a childish grief or tear,
Changes to smiles when she draws near.

That rescued bird ! now re-assured,
And all its flutt'ring terrors cured,
No longer beats its useless wings,
But when it hears her voice, it sings ;
And losing every wish to fly,
It pines no more for liberty.

When envious jealousy essays
To injure merit by faint praise,
With generous boldness she stands forth,
And shows the deed in all its worth ;
Her championship disarms abuse,
For every fault she finds excuse,
And seeks to rescue and reclaim,
While others but condemn and blame;

For, whatsoe'er their failings be,
None are beneath her sympathy;
And when the sin she can't defend,
She still remains the sinner's friend.

Her earnest sympathising looks,
Persuade far more than learned books;
Her simple words, without pretence,
Win more than highest eloquence;
And hearts unmoved by shame or fear,
Are melted by compassion's tear.

And there, where the low gasping breath
Announces the approach of death,
She stands to comfort and to cheer,
When that last enemy draws near:
Her gentle voice dispels the gloom,
Telling of hopes beyond the tomb—

And to the sufferer's dying ears
It seems—an Angel's voice he hears.

And thus her daily life sheds light,
More lustrous than the star of night;
Like mountain peaks her deeds arise,
And stretch from earth towards the skies;
Beginning here those works of love,
Which end their course in Heaven above.



The Organ Boy.

PART THE FIRST.

In a secluded valley of Savoy,
A widow reared two sons; an idiot boy,
And Pierrot, object of her hope and pride,
Whom she loved better than the world beside.
By ceaseless labour, tho' her means were scant,
She lived contented, for they knew not want.
But now Pierrot must quit his valley home,
And forth to distant unknown lands must roam—
Lands of whose wealth, most wondrous tales were
told,
Of cities built with silver, paved with gold.
Yes, he will go to earn a little store,
And then return, and leave Savoy no more.

The widow's cheek grew thin: the frequent sigh
Told of her suffering, as the day drew nigh
When he, the sunbeam of that lonely cot,
Would quit her side, and grief become her lot.
How sad that merry voice no more to hear!
But as he spoke, she checked the rising tear.
He will return: e'er three short years are o'er
She'll see him enter at that cottage door,
Laden with gold, and drest in clothes so grand,
He'll be the talk and wonder of the land!
And Henri, the poor crétin, laughed with glee
To hear how very fine Pierrot would be.

And now the day is come, and Pierrot gone!
The widow in her sorrow left forlorn.
While Henri gazes with bewildered eyes,
To see her anguish, and to hear her cries;
She looks around—upon the cottage floor
A cap is lying that her Pierrot wore.

With that dear relic she will never part,
She trembling holds it to her throbbing heart,
Then places it devoutly on the spot
Considered sacred in that little cot.
An image of Our Lady standing there
Daily receives the widow's guileless prayer.
Now, a new impulse to her prayers is given,
She meekly trusts her much-loved child to Heaven.

PART THE SECOND.

The scene is London, in the month of May,
The sun shines brightly, and the squares are gay,
And fashion's fever, raging at its height,
Allows of no repose by day or night.
An eager bustling crowd throngs every street,
Raising an echo from a thousand feet;
Incessant raps and rings assail the ears,
Bewildering are the varied sounds one hears;

And ceaseless strings of carriages roll by,
With rainbow colours flashing on the eye;
All bent on pleasure, all intent to please,
Bright smiles illumining each face one sees.
The gaudy glittering crowd roll on, and still
Fresh forms and gayer tints their places fill.
So ceaseless and so rapid is the stream,
It seems the frenzied fancy of a dream.

Amidst this turmoil a soft sound we hear,
Distant at first, then slowly drawing near—
A small hand organ breathes that plaintive air,
And poor Pierrot, the Savoyard, stands there.
Awe-stricken is his earnest troubled gaze;
He stands transfixed with terror and amaze.
His lustrous eyes shine with unwonted light
To see the brilliant throng that meets his sight;
Shy and abashed, to crowded streets unused,
He ceases playing and he stands confused,

Checking the current of the passing tide,
And rudely is poor Pierrot pushed aside ;
Trembling, he falters out some meek excuse,
His foreign accents meeting rough abuse ;
He speaks the simple patois of his land,
A jargon no one cares to understand.
None heed him, as he humbly asks the way
To some more quiet street where he may play.
He watches that vast crowd, in hopes to see
One kindly face, one look of sympathy ;
But save those whom his organ strains annoy,
There's no one notices the stranger boy.
Struggling, he leaves the crowded thoroughfare,
And plays his organ in a neighbouring square ;
Here kinder seem the people whom he meets
Than those who scared him in the crowded streets ;
And many give him halfpence, and some few
Smile at his music, speaking gently too ;
And one good lady passing where he stands,
Puts a bright silver shilling in his hands.

How large are Pierrot's earnings this first day
Ere to his lowly bed he turns his way!
But gladly would he give them all, to see
His loving mother and the poor Henri.

PART THE THIRD.

'Tis summer, and a glowing torrid sun
Shines fiercely on the modern Babylon;
Each house reflects the fervent glaring heat,
And adds an ember to the burning street.
The season is fast drawing to a close—
For fashion's wearied votaries need repose—
Few and apart the carriages roll by,
The occupants reclining listlessly.

We leave the heated streets, and seek the square,
And find poor Pierrot and his organ there.

His cheeks no longer wear the bloom of health ;
His heart no longer bounds with hopes of wealth.
The earnings of the spring, that precious store,
Was stolen ! and poor Pierrot gains no more
Than pays his nightly bed and daily meal.
Few heed that organ music's soft appeal :
He only hopes, and e'en that hope seems vain,
To earn enough to take him home again.
And as he slowly turns the handle round,
His thoughts find echo in that plaintive sound.
Mournful the air, its melancholy tone
Is soothing to that heart so sad and lone.
He thinks of the now fondly cherished cot,
His mother's love—nor is Henri forgot.
And could he leave that happy peaceful home ?
How false the tales that tempted him to roam !
Where are the banks of silver, stores of gold,
That he might gather, as he had been told ?
All, all was false ; and he of late so blest ;
Is now without a friend, alone, distressed.

And as he turns the handle round and round,
Thick gathering drops fall slowly on the ground.
A child who sees his tears, with blushes coy,
Gives her one penny to the organ boy ;
More halfpence follow, and poor Pierrot tries
To smile his thanks, while tears are in his eyes.
He earns enough his pauper fare to pay,
Then, wearied to his bed, he wends his way.

PART THE FOURTH.

The burning glare of summer now is o'er,
We seek the well known London square once more.
How changed the dreary scene that meets our
sight !
Where is the giddy crowd so gay and bright ?
The rumbling carriages that thronged the street ?
Where is the echo of the thousand feet ?

The silence is so hushed, the gloom so deep,
The very houses seem to be asleep.
Wrapped in repose, no vulgar noises dare
Disturb the solemn slumbers of the square.
A piteous object leans against the rail,
In tattered garments, wearied, wan, and pale—
Such shrunken figure, telling of distress,
And heavy eyes, so dull and lustreless;
With sunken pallid cheeks, and furrowed brow,
We hardly recognise poor Pierrot now.
The little organ's grown a load so great,
His feeble frame can scarcely bear its weight;
His hand is weary; no one passes by,
There's none to listen to his melody.
He drops the handle, and he plays no more,
But crouches down beneath a sheltering door.
Resting his throbbing head upon his hand,
He thinks of dear Savoy, his father land;
And then he gazes on the dreary square,
Counting the windows in the houses there;

And now he watches the dark smoke arise,
A cloud at first, then melting in the skies.
He wonders where that curling smoke has fled?
And fancies it the spirits of the dead;
Escaped from prison tenements of clay,
And, blest with freedom, soaring far away.
He knows where his freed soul would wing its flight,
And wishes he could die that very night;
He yearns so much in his loved home to be—
That home he dares not hope in life to see.
How quickly would his spirit bear him there!
Faster than e'en that smoke dissolves in air.
How would he soothe his mother's lonely lot,
She'd feel his presence, though she saw him not.
He would her loving guardian angel be;
And, all unseen, would watch o'er poor Henri;
Hovering near them, although veiled from sight,
He'd show himself in happy dreams at night.
Such soothing thoughts these blissful fancies give,
That Pierrot feels he cannot bear to live.

And surely his frail life is ebbing fast,
And Death, that longed-for friend, must come at
last.

He'll lay him down, and make the porch his bed,
And in the morning they will find him dead.
But with this thought, Pierrot could not forget
He should return and pay his daily debt
For bed and food. He has no pence to-day,
But he can sell his organ, and repay.

The moon has risen—it is growing late;
He staggers back beneath his weary weight.

PART THE FIFTH.

And now, when Winter holds his chilling reign,
We'll visit that familiar square again.
The time of lethargy is nearly past,
It is awaking since we saw it last;

D

And though no sun illumines the leaden skies,
The square is opening its drowsy eyes;
But many houses still are wrapped in sleep,
• And firmly closed their gloomy shutters keep;
Yet blinds drawn up, and crimson curtains down,
Prove that some families are come to town;
And many warmly muffled forms we meet,
While carriages resound in every street.
The snow falls fast, we look around the square
In search of Pierrot, but he is not there.
He does not stand beneath the sheltering door;
His organ's plaintive strains are heard no more.

His wishes were fulfilled—he paid his debt,
Then sought his dying bed unknown, unwept.
Death, that unwelcome guest, that despot grim,
Came clothed with kind and friendly smiles to him:
In happy homes, he comes but to destroy,
But he brought blessings to our organ boy;

He gave his fevered frame repose and peace,
And to that prisoned spirit brought release ;
He gently closed a troubled scene of pain,
Loosing the bondage of his earthly chain.
Life was a struggle, sad and wearisome ;
But now, poor Pierrot's spirit has gone home.

PART THE SIXTH.

And, meanwhile, what has been the widow's lot,
How fares it in her lonely little cot ?
Where is poor Henri ? There's his vacant chair,
But the strange harmless cr  tin is not there !
When Pierrot left him, Henri sorrowed not,
And e'en his very name was soon forgot ;
But a dull gloomy cloud obscured the light,
The sun seemed not so warm, the flowers so bright ;
He could not sleep by night, nor rest by day ;
And though he knew not Pierrot was away,

He missed the joyous laughter at the door,
He missed the merry footstep on the floor,
He missed the constant sunbeam from his side,
And soon poor Henri pined away and died.
The widow calmly wept upon his sod,
She knew that blighted one was gone to God.

Now is her cheerless life more lonely still,
While fears and doubts her anxious bosom fill ;
Her waking prayer, her latest thought at night,
That Pierrot may return and bless her sight.
She trusts her treasure to a care divine,
And often kneels before the Virgin's shrine,
Ever the self-same mercy to implore,
That she may see the wanderer once more.

One evening, praying to behold her child,
She thought the Holy Image moved and smiled,

As if her gracious answer to declare,
That she would grant the weeping mother's prayer.
And that same night she dreamt she saw her boy,
With smiling face, radiant with peace and joy,
In shining garments stand, beaming with love,
While dazzling rays of glory shone above:
With yearning outstretched arms he seemed to
 bless,
And bid her come and share his happiness.

When morning dawned, the widow left her bed
Quite calm, though knowing that her son was
 dead.
She questioned not the vision she had seen,
She doubted not the purport it might mean—
To her long prayers it was the answer given,
She knew her much loved child was safe in
 Heaven.

A blessed hope now cheers her lonely heart,
Soon will she join him there, and never part.
She bides her time—to murmur would be wrong ;
She waits for death—he will not tarry long.



The Tinnet of St. Giles.



My song to-day shall be a lay
Of one of lowly station;
Turn not aside with looks of pride,
Nor fear contamination.

Your dainty feet dread not to meet
Rough contact with the violet;
Nor need you shun so pure a one
As Rose, my modest flow'ret.

If I must tell where Rose does dwell,
In this o'ercrowded city,
'Tis in St. Giles: the reader smiles
With mingled scorn and pity.

But why deride St. Giles's pride,
Because her home is humble?
Ye great, trust not your favoured lot;
The lofty tower may crumble.

And time had been, when Rose had seen
Things better than the present;
Too bright to last, those days had past
Like rainbows evanescent.

She knew not wealth, but blest with health,
In Spitalfields resided,
The weaving trade being then well paid,
Her wants were all provided.

Her father's pet! could she forget
The day she saw him sicken ;
Too soon he died—then by her side
Her mother too was stricken.

The fever raged, but though assuaged,
And death came not to sever ;
She rose up blind, and her clear mind
Was dimmed and blank for ever.

The tale's soon told, how all was sold
In payment to another ;
And Rose was left—of all bereft
Save the poor sightless mother.

But where was Joe, who months ago
So humbly came to court her ?
Her love she owned, her father frowned,
And would not give his daughter.

Then Joe had gone with angry scorn,
Indignant at his failure ;
For Rose he swore he cared no more,
And sailed for far Australia.

Ah, cruel Joe ! could you but know
Her sorrows since you parted ;
Can pride allay, could gold repay
The stricken lonely hearted ?

With trouble torn, with grief forlorn,
Many weary days are spent
In seeking where she shall repair
With her unconscious parent.

Then forth they roam and find a home
In a garret of St. Giles,
She soothes her helpless sufferer,
Who is happy and who smiles ;

For poor Rose sings, which ever brings
Comfort to the sightless one;
Who feels no gloom in that dark room,
Rose's voice being all her sun.

Many rejoice at that sweet voice,
Such goodness echoes in it;
And those around who heard the sound
Named her St. Giles's linnet.

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And now, poor Rose, no leisure knows,
But works when well—when weary;
She works all day, for she must pay
That lodging dark and dreary.

She wakes each morn at early dawn,
And plies her ready fingers ;
And late at night, a feeble light
Marks how that worker lingers.

And still we hear those accents clear,
Warbling many a minute,
E'en rough St. Giles approves, and smiles
On Rose his tuneful linnet.

His children all feel want's cold thrall,
Some suffering dire distress ;
But all afford a kindly word
To Rose—the gentle songstress.

At first, some beaming hopes would gleam,
Of brighter prospects dawning ;
But hopes now seem a baseless dream
And vanish ere the morning.

And busy thought too often brought
Mem'ries of past happiness ;
Those sunny days had left no rays
To cheer her drooping loneliness.

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And years roll by full drearily,
Each sadder than the other ;
No one to share her filial care
Of that afflicted mother.

With touching thrill, her voice sounds still,
And many an hour beguiles ;
Her accents cheer all those who hear
The Linnet of St. Giles.

Another blow poor Rose must know,
Her mother's health is failing;
She oft complains of aching pains,
By low and piteous wailing.

And day by day she fades away,
While Rose seems never weary;
Her heart is wrung, but still she sung,
To soothe that bed so dreary.

Now all is o'er! she sings no more,
But kneels there mute and weeping;
She droops her head on the cold bed
Where death is calmly sleeping.

And while she kneels, the loved one feels
No grief: no blindness darkens;
Her gloomy night is changed to light,
To seraph songs she hearkens.

'Twas well that thought some comfort brought,
To cheer our drooping linnet ;
A trouble sore was still in store,
That had no solace in it.

For debt and want stand grim and gaunt,
And now poor Rose sells all,
A sum to raise, which barely pays
The pauper funeral.

Her bedding goes—her Sunday clothes—
Joe's gift before they parted ;
Her little store of furniture :
Poor Rose is broken hearted,

But murmurs not at her sad lot,
Though overwhelmed with sorrow ;
For food to-day she could not pay,
She can but die to-morrow.

Her room is bare of bed or chair—

She sits upon the ground—

When suddenly with startled cry

She listens to some sound.

Do ears deceive, can she believe?

Or do her senses fail her?

The door flies wide, and at her side

There kneels the long lost sailor.

Yes, it is Joe, so long ago

Gone, but forgotten never:

And now he stands and clasps her hands,

And says, he's her's for ever!



To-day St. Giles is decked in smiles,
And wears a festive seeming;
Through ill glazed panes, in those dark lanes
The joyous sun is streaming.

A peal of bells some marriage tells—
Where half St. Giles is spedding;
I cannot wait, lest I be late
For Rose our linnet's wedding.



The London Sparrow.

A COCKNEY CAROL.

Most living things have had their bard,
Whose verses charm or harrow;
And one exception I think hard—
It is the London sparrow.

Why hast thou found no poet meet
To chronicle thy name?
Dweller in every square and street,
Why yet unknown to fame?

Denizen of my native town,
All dirty though thou be,
And smoky though thy plumage brown,
Still thou hast claims on me.

That thou shouldst seek the haunts of men,
A compliment I deem ;
Thou art my fellow-citizen,
And thou shalt be my theme.

Companion of the livelong year,
Whate'er the season be,
Thy ceaseless chirp I ever hear,
Thy form I ever see.

'Tis not the linnet's tuneful note,
Nor nightingale's sweet songs ;
The strain from London sparrow's throat
To him alone belongs.

Gregarious chirper! dust and fogs
Have sadly marred thy voice,
But though thick smoke thy larynx clogs,
Thy music is my choice.

The sound of that familiar tone,
All husky though it be,
Since heard in London streets alone,
Is melody to me.

But, Ethiopian minstrel, why,
Since you my muse evoke,
To trim thy plumage dost not try?
Thy wings are black with smoke.

Tho' I would fain describe thy form,—
Since poets should be frank,
While dust and soot thy plumes deform,
That verse must be—a blank.

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Most philosophic bird ! to care
So little for effect ;
A lack of vanity thus rare
Merits my high respect.

Thy chimney nest enables thee
Men's secrets to discern—
Canst thou, from what thou there dost see,
The compliment return ?

But much I fear he does not heed
The things that meet his sight,
His thoughts being full of love and greed,
The feathered sybarite !

His time is spent in growing fat,
He has his daily joys;
His only bane, the tabby cat;
His bore, the organ boys.

He need not rise at early dawn
To seek his morning meal,
Each mews is furnished well with corn,
Waiting for him to steal.

Rich crumbs and dainty bits of meat,
Most appetizing cheer,
Are plenteous found in every street,
In every alley near.

And now his almost useless wings
Can hardly bear his weight,
He hops about with heavy springs,
Pursuing his fat mate.

O apoplectic avis ! where
Didst learn such sensual ways ?
How would thy country cousins stare,
With horror and amaze,

Thy lazy, pursy form to see ;
And how they 'd wonder when
Thou wouldst exhibit presently
Thy cool contempt for men,

Chirping defiance in their face,
And venturing to dare
And squabble ere thou yield'st them place—
Well might thy cousins stare !

Thy aldermanic feasts they 'd term
Epicuristical ;
While thou wouldst deem their uncooked worm
Cannibalistical.

But tempt them not by specious arts
To change their life for this ;
Corrupt not those unsullied hearts,
Whose ignorance is bliss.

Poor London sparrow ! dost thou ne'er
Sigh for fresh fields and flowers,
Where happy birds so bright and fair
Nestle in leafy bowers ?

Where sunshine sheds a golden glow
On gay and fluttering wings ?
Sophisticated biped ! no,
Thou car'st not for such things.

Thou lov'st the foul and murky air,
The tumult and the crowd,
The misty smoke, the gas-light glare,
The noises echoing loud.

And gravely would I raise my voice
Thy silly life to blame;
But how can I condemn thy choice,
When mine has been the same.

Then meekly let us, blushing, hide
Our faces in the dust;
The sensible may well deride,
With reprobation just,

That we should choose in smoke to pass
The lovely month of May,
Which smiles on every blade of grass
And flow'ret blooming gay.

With shame my morbid taste I own,
But marvel much to see
That we are not here all alone!
A motley company

Leave sunny bowers and liberty
For fogs and fashion's rules.
Ah! London sparrow, you and I
Are not the only fools!



Punch.

A COCKNEY CAROL.

WHENE'ER we see in some bye street
A gathering crowd, we know
They flock there to enjoy the treat
Of Punch's Puppetshow.

Most public heroes have their day,
And then are no more seen ;
But Punch's laurels ne'er decay—
His wreath is evergreen.

To thee, thou hunchbacked hero, then,
I dedicate a page,
Thrice honoured by my fellow men !
Thou idol of the age !

How great must be thy tragic power,
For ever seeming new ;
Not Talma in his palmiest hour
More eager audience drew.

Although thy jokes are often told,
Ne'er does their wit abate ;
Thy voice appeals to young and old,
Attracting small and great.

Thy strange large features, shrewd and sly,
No painter would inspire ;
Thy form boasts not of symmetry
That sculptor could admire.

Yet nameless charms must deck thy face
To cause such keen delight ;
Thy movements have a rigid grace,
Quaint and Pre-Raphaelite.

And when thy well-known voice is heard,
Singing with accents gay,
Business for pleasure is deferred—
All own thy powerful sway,

And flock towards thy accents shrill,
Gathering quickly round,
An ever growing throng ; until
No standing room is found.

Some philanthropic stranger asks—
“ What good this Punch has done,
That thus triumphantly he basks
In public favour's sun?

“ Such powerful means are in his reach,
(His preachings being allowed,)
What moral doctrines does he teach
That dense admiring crowd?”

I feel this a most painful call,
Though one I can't decline ;
But wish the graceless task could fall
To other pen than mine.

For though my tastes are popular,
And friendly to the stage,
I can't say Punch's lessons are
Improving to the age.

Though he 's the hero of my lays,
As I must candid be,
His character I cannot praise,
Nor his morality.

In saying it I do not fear
A defamation suit;
His frailties being too known and clear
For matter of dispute.

Such is the notoriety
Of his corrupt renown,
No person of propriety
Should dwell in the same town.

His conduct to his gentle wife
Must cause one heart-felt pain;
His recklessness of human life!
The numbers he has slain!

His treatment, too, of Calcraft, shows
Such lack of veneration,
That our still bearing with him throws
A slur upon the nation.

But still he goes where'er he lists,
Defying one and all :
No sense of shame in him exists ;
No outraged Ex'ter Hall !

While forth the missionary speeds
Throughout the world to roam,
Punch perpetrates atrocious deeds
Unquestioned here at home.

And e'en a newspaper we see,
Now recognised by fame ;
Which owed its first celebrity
Entirely to his name.

Some member in the House should speak,
To stop his bold career :
Hark ! 'tis his shrill exulting squeak,
Which now approaches near.

And how can serious thoughts engage
With Punch before the door?
Excuse me, if I close my page
To take just—one look more.



Infancy.

I LOVE the first fresh hours of morn,
The buds of flowerets gay,
But most I love the early dawn
Of blooming infancy.

I saw a tiny treasure lie
By its fond mother's side,
And watched her tender careful eye,
And marked her loving pride ;

One could not but view anxiously
That touching helplessness ;
But bright and pleasant 'twas to see
Such budding loveliness.

Though many a beauteous babe I've seen
Adorned with infant grace,
Yet never had my fortune been
To see so sweet a face.

The look of purest innocence
Was cheering to behold,—
It was a new-born evidence
Of Nature's perfect mould.

But furrowed is the little brow,—
Why are those wrinkles there?
No present troubles canst thou know,
Dost thou then dream of care?

Why do those lids thine eyes enchain,
And hide the glorious light?
Is this new world so full of pain
Thou canst not bear the sight?

No evil yet can reach thy ears,
Still unassailed by wrong;
Yet, innocent as all appears,
It will not be so long.

But while thou canst unconscious be,
Dream not of future ill,
Enjoy thy happy infancy
And slumber calmly still.

Dear friend! your lovely babe I've seen
Lying in flannels snug,
But still a lovelier babe I mean,
It is—an Infant Pug!

Apology for my Shells.

WHY should you thus my taste despise
Because I love a shell?
If you the reasons criticise,
I doubt if you can tell.

'Tis an unusual taste I own,
And must it hence be bad?
Some strong objections must be shown,
If charges can be had.

But since all custom I defy,
And thus court ridicule,
'Tis I, perhaps, should justify
Departure from the rule.

Now, why my taste should scorn impart
I really quite ignore,—
You cannot think it libels Art,
To value Nature more !



I own the beauty of your glass,
Your china,—rare and fine ;
Though I deny your gems surpass,
Or e'en approach to, mine.

With all your tastes I sympathise,—
Whether for precious stones,
For medals, marbles, tapestries,
Or prints, or fossil bones.

Then wherefore do you show such spite
Towards a love so strong?
To prove your hobby must be right,
Why need you prove mine wrong?

No ridicule on you it throws,
I even do not laugh
When a collector proudly shows
Some ill-spelt autograph.

Then pray have some small sympathy
And feeling for another;
You all owe charity to me,—
Collector!—and a brother!

But some good reasons I must show
To justify my taste,
Or still you 'll think it mean and low,
And all these words a waste.

Well,—I love shells because they're bright
And lustrous to the eye;
I love their tints, and take delight
In their pure symmetry;

I love those varied graceful forms,
That gorgeous colouring,—
I love the pattern that adorns
Their wondrous chiselling;

I love the shells, because I love
Nature with all my heart,
And rank her beauties high above
The highest works of art.

In every shell I see that sign
No human hand could form,
In each one some new wonders shine
No mortal could perform.

Their fitness and their plan proclaim
Infallible design ;
Their maker can but bear one name,
And that the Name Divine.

Now Art but copies Nature still,
And be it fine or grand,
How can a clumsy workman's skill
Rival the Master Hand ?

Bring forth your best Venetian glass,
The thinnest and most clear,
Then see my " Glassy Nautilus !"
And " Carinaria !!"

That Sevres, the object of your pride,
Looks very well alone,
But how it fades when placed beside
The " Cyprea " or the " Cone !"

Show me your finest Dresden cup,
The choicest gem you please,
'Twill sink in shade when I hold up
The "Glory of the Seas!"

For colour, brilliant "Pectens" vie
With "Chama," and "Nerita;"
For sculpture—see the "Spondylii;"
For form—behold the "Mitra."

I'll spare more names, in charity,
Although these are so few,
For if familiar all to me,
They're double-Dutch to you.

Strong in my cause I now rely,
Trusting henceforth in peace
My shells may in their cotton lie,
And all reproach will cease.

If you own Nature's works the best,
Far beyond Human skill,
On what grounds can your judgment rest
Should you condemn me still?

Don't ridicule with too much haste
The tried pursuit of years,
There may be more in this my taste
Than yet to you appears;

And ere to judge me you pretend,
Study the subject well;
For it may prove that, in the end,
You won't despise a shell.



The Child and the Withered Tree.

THE sun shone radiantly in noontide light,
And nature revelled in its gladdening power,
That golden glory made all earth look bright,
And bathed in sunshine every leaf and flower.

Kew's beauteous gardens bloomed in fullest prime,
And surely Eden's self was not more fair,
Nor marked more brightly the impress Divine
Of the Creator's image breathing there.

The early year's cold winds were passed away,
 And spring was ripening into summer's bloom,
 Nature was robed in gorgeous livery,
 And nought remained to tell of winter's gloom.

Gay birds from every leafy bough poured forth
 Their wildest notes of gladsome revelry;
 No hymns of grateful praise are heard on earth
 So pure as this untutored minstrelsy.

Bright flowers of every form and hue were there,
 A lovelier scene the foot of man ne'er trod—
 Rich perfumes floated in the glowing air,
 The incense nature offers to her God.

Large fan-like leaves, and stems that strangely twine,
 Attest the cultivator's fostering hand—
 These foreign plants from many a sunny clime
 Thrive here,—forgetful of their native land!

78 THE CHILD AND THE WITHERED TREE.

And forest-trees of stateliest growth are seen,
That cast a deep and grateful shade around,
Cooling the dazzled eye with bowers of green,
Formed by their branches sweeping to the ground.

One object here alone seemed out of place,
Unworthy of the spot it occupied ;
Unless its contrast gave an added grace
To trees exulting in their beauty's pride.

A blasted pine upraised its withered form,
And stood a spectre, shadowless and wan ;
All signs of verdure and of life were gone,
Yet, blighted, and forlorn, it lingered on.

One marvelled it was left to perish there,
Gaunt and unsightly in its leafless gloom,
Contrasting with a scene where all was fair,
An image of decay amidst the bloom.

But in that Fairy-land one marked it not,
No blemish there could linger on the sight;
For one brief moment viewed, it was forgot
Amid the maze of flowers and foliage bright.

From London's busy crowded haunts of men
Many flock here to pass a few glad hours—
The toilsome life of many a citizen
Is brightened by this holiday of flowers.

And on the summer day of which I write
The lawns were covered with an eager throng,
Their faces beaming with that rare delight,
A happy day! to be remembered long.

Beside them was a group of gentle birth,
In calm enjoyment of the glowing scene,
With merry children wild with noisy mirth,
Who danced and frolicked on the mossy green,

Among that troop a little child was there
Lispings its words of wonder and delight,
And Kew did not contain a bud more fair
Blooming in loveliness more purely bright.

'Twas the first garden she had ever seen,
And long she gazed, bewildered with surprise,
In speechless rapture at the gorgeous scene,
The loveliest sight that ever met her eyes.

With tottering steps she passed from flower to flower,
Telling her gladness by a joyful cry,
Or pausing 'neath some green and leafy bower,
She stood in happy, wondering ecstasy.

But what has sudden stopped the gladsome sound,
And hushed the music of the baby's glee?
Her eye, in wandering joyously around,
Has fallen on the seared and blighted tree.

Checked is the smile, and stilled the voice of mirth,
The shadow darkened and the brightness flees,
As a fair blossom fallen to the earth
When stricken by a cold autumnal breeze.

She left the flowers, and sat beside the tree,
And tears fast falling showed her deep distress ;
She touched the withered trunk in sympathy,
And gently stroked the bark with fond caress.

In vain the flowers may bloom, the sun may shine,
In vain the merry voices reach her ear,
Her thoughts are centred on that blighted pine,
And now, no sight can please, no laughter cheer.

A strange emotion filled that infant breast,
And quenched the joyous gladness of the hour ;
Now, nothing bright or gay can interest,
No merry game can lure, nor gaudy flower.

Her young companions, to divert her thought,
 Gathered the daisies that she loved to see;
 She took with grateful smile the flowers they brought,
 And laid them down before the withered tree.

Then all the wonders of the place they tell,
 Hoping to tempt her from the gloomy pine;
 But no, that tree contained some sacred spell,
 She felt its power, and would not quit the shrine.

And when 'twas time to bear the child away,
 She shed most bitter tears at going home,
 And gazing on the tree she tried to say,
 She could not leave it mourning all alone.

'Twas strange to hear that infant's saddened tone,
 And strange her anxious tearful face to see—
 The first of grief that she had ever known
 Was sorrow for the seared and blighted tree.

But of the child's dimmed eye, and painful thought,
Who shall interpret the true history !
Was it her first experience now was bought
Of grief and suffering—life's dark mystery ?

And could it be amidst this sunny bloom,
That her first glimpse of sorrow was revealed ?
Could that tree warn her by its blighted gloom,
That 'neath this brightness, evil lay concealed ?

My child ! glad should I be if I could spare
Thee knowledge which is ever dearly paid :
I wish thy childhood free from grief or care—
Unclouded joy—a sunshine without shade ;

And sad will be the hour when thou must know,
The secret I would ever from thee keep,
That all are born to heritage of woe,
That eyes which gaily smile, will learn to weep.

Alas ! not only on that blighted tree,
The scathing bolt has fallen in its prime ;
For many a bruised and withered heart we see,
Struck by the shafts of sorrow, not of time !

What marks of misery we often trace,
The ravages of suffering more than years ;
Those hollow lines ! grief chiselled on the face ;
Those furrows ! water-courses formed by tears.

The shortest life contains too much of pain,
A few faint struggling throbs, and all is o'er.
Ah ! who could wish to live his day again !
For what's the longest life ? a few throbs more.

Poor innocent ! try not to rend the veil
That hides a secret thou wilt know full soon,
The morning of thy little life's too frail
To be exposed to tempests ere 'tis noon.

But gaily pass these early sunny hours,
Which vanish quickly, and without recall;
Seek not for thorns and blights amidst the flowers;
Reserve thy tears, poor child, thou'lt need them all;

A heart that beats so young with sympathy,
Responsive to another's woe or weal,
That even sorrows for a withered tree,
Must keenly suffer, for 'twill deeply feel.

Then hasten not to meet the storms of life,
On thee they'll fall with bitter poignancy;
Delay thine entrance on the painful strife,
Prolong the joys of trusting infancy;

And still believe that roses never pale,
Believe the scented lilies never fade,
Believe the zephyrs turn not to the gale,
Believe in constant brightness without shade,

Believe the cup of life is what it seems,
 Believe the truth of all thou look'st upon ;
Too soon must thou awake from such vain dreams,
 But while thou canst, my child, dream on,
 dream on !



The Forlorn Hope.

THE battle raged since early dawn,
A long and bloody spell,
And now the army stands before
The foe's strong citadel.

Could they but gain the ramparts' height
The fortress then must fall;
But batteries on every side
Command that deadly wall.

A pause ensues, of dread import,
Each soldier holds his breath ;
But what commander dare to speak
That doom of hopeless death !

Then, sight to fill the soul with awe,
Heroically grand,
From every rank brave men stand forth,
A dauntless martyr-band !

To raise their country's glory
A certain death they dare—
To gain for her a victory
They will not live to share.

'Tis no command these men obey
To go forth and to die ;
But each one feels that silent call,
And valiant hearts reply.

No false ambition urges on,
No vain delusion blinds;
But England needs this sacrifice,
And willing victims finds.

As they march forth to meet their doom,
The army hoarsely cheers;
Down many a hard and rugged face
There roll unwonted tears.

But nought betray that martyr-band
Of feelings hid below,
Their thoughts are filled with memories
Too deep for outward show;

Of friends, not prized enough till now;
Of homes, they'll see no more,
And life, and love, and happiness,
Ne'er seemed so bright before.

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They falter not, but onward march ;
The cannons loudly roar,
And from the frowning batteries
The deadly missiles pour.

And now they reach the battlement,
And now they scale the walls ;
Loud volleys sound the funeral knell
As each brave warrior falls.

Thick clouds of smoke and vapour form
A veil of deepest gloom ;
No eye beholds the tragedy,
The heroic martyrdom !

But when the moon shone out upon
That scene, so tranquil then ;
A tattered standard waved above
A heap of slaughtered men.

Glory.

THE moon rose on the battle plain
Disclosing heaps of mangled slain ;
Around a standard on the height
Had raged the thickest of the fight,
And there, in piles of stiffening clay,
The sacrificial victims lay.
Awful and dreary was the sight
Made spectral by the silver light ;
Still there the gaudy standard stood
Erect amidst this scene of blood ;

Its tattered ribbons fluttered gay,
And waved as though in mockery;
While piled in ghastly heaps around
The mangled corpses strewed the ground;
Their wild contortions as they lay
Told of their last sharp agony.
Moon, hide thy face, and visit not
The guilty darkness of that spot;
Such spectral horrors shun the light,
And need the veil of blackest night.
Clouds, gather, and pour forth a flood,
To wash the heavy stain of blood;
If haply e'en a torrent's rain
Can cleanse and make it pure again.
And this is glory! for whose cause
Man violates all nature's laws,
Imbrues his hands in brother's gore,
Destroying, when he can't restore.
Glory! and for this hollow name
Behold these heaps of mangled slain;

See happy homes so blest of late,
All cheerless now, and desolate ;
Hope, happiness, for ever fled,
All joys being buried with the dead.
Ye victors, close your eyes, your ears,
To orphans' cries, to widows' tears,
Or e'en your brows may ache beneath
The pressure of your laurel wreath.
Though loud the trumpet-blast of fame,
No echoes bless the conqueror's name ;
Mid plaudits and high honours shown,
No prayers ascend to Heaven's throne.
These triumphs dazzle human eyes,
But are they worth the sacrifice ?
Though they shine clear and bright in story,
'Tis a false halo,—not true glory.



Poor Jack's Grave.

HE lies in his ocean grave,
Loud thunders his requiem toll,
His coffin, the deep sea wave,
Dark billows around him roll.

No cushion pillows his head,
No winding-sheet covers his form,
Yet sound the repose of the dead '
Midst the raging blast of the storm.

The vessel was far from shore,
 They cast him forth in the deep,
 No eye shall behold him more
 In his long and lonely sleep.

His hopes and his griefs are past,
 He has rest 'neath the rolling wave;
 He has reached his home at last,
 Poor Jack, in his ocean grave.



The Torrent Fall.



THE combat 'twixt the tribes is o'er,
The conflict has been brief,—
The victor's lance Kaloolah bore,
They choose him for their chief.

He stays not for the spoils of war,
But gains the river's side;
His light canoe must bear him far
Ere he will reach his bride.

Then guide that frail bark skilfully
O'er waters wild and deep :
Kaloolah's head falls droopingly,—
He sinks, o'ercome by sleep.

The skiff glides on more swiftly still,
A murmuring sound arose,—
The warrior does not dream of ill ;
But wrapped in deep repose ;

His visions are of joy and pride,
He breathes a happy cry ;
He dreams of meeting with his bride
Flushed with proud victory.

But hark ! that threatening sound draws nigh,
With dismal warning call ;
Kaloolah ! 'tis no lullaby,
But the voice of the Torrent Fall :

'Tis the roar of the water's strife,—
Awake!—the danger's near!
'Tis the last faint hope of life!—
He sleeps!—he does not hear!

The bark still rushes on its way,
The torrent thunders loud;
The white foam of the glistening spray
Will be that warrior's shroud.

Sleep on—sleep on—'tis all too late!
Short will the struggle be:
Thou hast reached thy term, the doom of Fate;
Thou 'lt wake in Eternity.



A Child's Tears.

Mr Edith, check those falling tears,
Which drop like summer rain,
For ill beseem such tender years
Those signs of grief and pain.

Childhood which, like the early year,
Blooms bright with hope's gay flowers,
Should be all smiles, without a tear,—
April, without its showers.

It is the sunny spring of life,
The rosy hour of morn,
The rest, before the battle's strife ;
The calm, before the storm.

Enjoy its sunshine while you may :
These shadows are so light,
They do but veil the blaze of day,
Which else would be too bright.

Then raise no gloomy shades before
Your sun has reached its noon ;
The morn of childhood comes no more,
And passes all too soon.

When the dark cloud of sorrow lowers,
And joy is but a dream,
In thinking of youth's happy hours,
How small these griefs will seem.

When doubt the light of hope obscures,
And fears and warnings mock ;
When happiness, that seemed secure
And built as on a rock ;—

When all falls prostrate in an hour,
The rock reduced to sand,
And happiness, that blighted flower,
Lies withered in the hand ;

When the cup's shattered that once held
The hopes of early years ;
When youthful visions are dispelled,
Then, is the time for tears.

When of the idols you have made
The worthlessness you know ;
When trust by falsehood is repaid,
Why, then, your tears may flow.

When loved ones in an early grave
Sink in untimely sleep,
And you are powerless to save,—
Then, Edith, you may weep.

And when these griefs and cares you know,
And the heart throbs with pain,
How gladly you 'd your life forego
To be a child again.

With all the bright confiding trust,
With all the hopes of yore,
Now, crumbled into ash and dust,
To be restored no more.

Then tarnish not your golden age
With the sear stain of years,
The book of life's first virgin page
Must have no blot of tears.

These bright and budding sunny hours
No other seasons bring;
Though summer comes with fruit and flowers,
There is no second spring.

And though the future looks so bright
And dazzles from afar,
It is a meteor's faithless light,
And not a guiding star.

Turn from the false enticing glare;
Be not by hope beguiled;
Mistrust a scene that shows too fair,
And still remain a child.

Let mirth and joy once more appear,
No clouds your brow defile;
A woman's emblem is—a tear,
A child's should be—a smile.



Man's Life.



A MORN of promise freshly beams
With sunny hopes and golden dreams,
And life an endless summer seems,
 Radiant and bright;
A brilliant future is in view
With pleasures ever budding new;
And glowing visions seeming true
 Dazzle with light.

A noon of error—hollow joy,
The sunshine—glare! the gold—alloy!
Yet though the cherished pleasures cloy,
 Heedless of right,
Wisdom and reason plead in vain;
Man errs, repents, and errs again,
His heart is seared with many a stain,
 Withered by blight.

An evening chilled with vain regret,
And useless efforts to forget
The memories which rankling yet
 Linger in sight;
If age could still repair the past!
But closing day is waning fast,
And faint and wearied man, at last,
 Welcomes the night.



Farewell.

My Chimes will soon be hushed, but one more peal
Must yet be rung—for, with o'erflowing heart,
I fain would speak the gratitude I feel,
And bid my friends farewell before we part.

One to my grateful thanks has highest claim—
That Lady much beloved, of Royal birth,
Who lends these simple Chimes her honoured name,
Conferring on my book, one page of worth.

And I would tell, with humble thankfulness,
Her constant kindness—ne'er to be forgot!
But feeble is the language I possess,
For, when the heart is full, the words come not.

Yet I find courage in the certitude
That her unfailing goodness will receive
This poor expression of my gratitude
Which though I cannot speak—she will believe.

And you, kind friends, who bring my book to light,
Lending its authoress your gen'rous aid,
I thank you all, but hope not to requite
Your kindness—which can never be repaid.

And now I beg your favour towards my book;
A lenient judgment you will not refuse;
Its many errors will you overlook?
And as you cannot praise, will you excuse?

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On some remotest shelf admit my rhymes,
Then, when in future years you chance to see,
Among more worthy books, these humble Chimes,
I like to think, you will remember me.

My bells grow mute, yet there must still be heard
That painful sound which thrills like funeral
knell,
In every language the most cruel word—
And sadly do I speak it now—Farewell!



To the Reviewers.

My task is done! but ere I make
My curtesy and retire,
To critics I must say a word,
To deprecate their ire.

For well I know my humble verse
(If recognized at all),
Unless I touch their stony hearts,
Will meet with favour small.

I never knew a critic,
But, judging by their pen,
Imagine them a breed above
The standard race of men.

Now, Critics and Reviewers, say
On what food do ye feed,
That all your blood should turn to gall
Whene'er a verse ye read?

With publishers why are ye leagued,
In most unblest alliance,
To strangle the poetic muse,
And set bards at defiance?

And in this cruel martyrdom
At climax ye arrive;
They crush the embryo ere birth,—
When born, *ye* flay alive!

Think of your ugly children,
 Bearing your honoured name ;
Fancy ! should some one publicly
 Their ugliness proclaim !

The owl who loves her owlet
 Has small cause to be vain ;
Unduly, too, I may regard
 The offspring of my brain.

Yet spare my tender nursling,
 And some compassion show ;
Ah ! do not by a blighting sneer
 Destroy it at one blow.

And if in pity you will not
 Reject my humble lays,
In grateful verse my pen shall write
 A sonnet in your praise.

My Muse lays down her weapon,
And all defenceless stands,
Appealing to your clemency
For quarter at your hands.



FINIS.

